

THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE.

POET'S CORNER.

MR. EDITOR.—The poetical corner of the "Gazette," it seems to me, might well make room for the following lines, by Thomas Moore.

I have examined several editions of "Moore's Poems," and not finding these, have concluded that they are "unpublished," whether from being lost sight of or having been considered of insufficient merit, I know not. They appear sprightly and as a love poem, containing the poetical sentiment sans license.

In the "autographic form" in which I have them, is also the music, also by Moore, and a letter which I transcribe, though of no possible interest, will still show that the author was somewhat pleased with his work.

It might be well to say that I came possessed of this "tit-bit" of an autograph when I had a man as collector. I obtained it at an auction sale, after a very sharp scramble, and the remembrance led me into the by-path. Let me say, though, that it may of your numerous readers wish to make themselves, or himself, a laughing stock for his friends and a gratification to himself, I advise an immediate taking to "collecting."

Yours, &c., J. M. C.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1838.
MY DEAR SIR.—We are off, I trust, in the morning for Southampton. Anastasia ventured out, for the first time yesterday in a carriage, and is gone to-day again. If she is not the worse for this experiment, we shall set out for the sea to-morrow, though I fear it must make two days of it, the distance being only 50 miles. We have had indeed a most anxious time of it. You shall hear from me from Southampton.

I have sent you a thing to music of my own, which I rather like.

Ever yours, T. MOORE.
Our lodgings at Southampton are at a Music shop!—Mr. William Smart, 88 High Street.

LOVE.

Love, o'er all umbræ presidens,
Tell, oh tell,
In what place, thy bright wings hidin',
Dost thou dwell?
None knows what shape thou art,
Though all dream of thee,
Thou hauntest every heart,
But none thy form can see.

Like the wave when first awaking,
Loud it sighs—
Breeze, its farewell taking,
Like that wave at last when breaking
Faint it dies.
Like flowers that, fresh at noon,
At eve cease to be;
Like all that passeth soon,
Sweet Love, they picture thee.

When Youth thinks his arms enfold thee,
Lo, thou'rt fled!
When Age dreams his eyes behold thee,
Lo, thou'rt dead!
Life seems one weary chase
Of thee alone,
And, when we're closed the race,
Sweet Love, thou'rt still unknown.
Ah, to seek thy place of dwelling,
None need roam.
Love divine, all Love excelling,
Heav'n thy home.

AFTER DINNER.

THERE is no exercise equal to laughter, for nothing acts so directly upon the organs within both chest and abdomen.—Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality, than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions. In order to insure a good laugh, don't fail to read this column, which we will endeavor to stock up with the best the market can afford.

A SEA OF S's.—Sarah Smith stands sorrowfully solus : she sees splendid spruces surrounding shady spots ; she sees summer's sun shining ; she smells sweet savors ; sweet songsters singing silvery strains serenade Sarah. Still she sighs. Summer's soft shades settle silently, still she stands sadly sighing.—Suddenly she started. She saw some stranger strolling silently southward.—"Stop!" she shouted. "Stop, stranger, Sarah Smith says so!" Stately she stood, sternly she shouted, "Stop!" Samuel Slocum, successful statesman, smooth speaker, started, saw Sarah, seemed surprised, said soliloquizingly, "Strange! seemingly scarce sixteen; so sweet, so simple; still so singularly suspicious? She seems strangely sad!" "Say something sweeter, Sarah." She, stopping some silent struggle, said: "Surely some stranger see us sights. Shall Sarah Smith shun such scarcity?" So, strolling silently stranger-ward, she said: "Sarah Smith scorns suspicious scandals, she seeks sympathy; seeks she successfully?"

Still shone silvery streams slantingly southward. Samuel Slocum sat sweetly smiling; Sarah Smith seated suspiciously somewhere. Sunset's serene splendor suggests supper. Still she sat. She sought sympathy successfully; supper seemed superfluous.

Some six Sundays succeeding, she signed some sketches Sarah Smith signed.

It doesn't always pay for people to play smart with apparently stupid men. A few nights ago, one of this sort was telling a story, in which he remarked, "an idea struck him." "Where did it strike him?" asked a smart young man. "Where it'll never strike you: in the brains." He wasn't asked any more conundrums until his story was finished.

DEACON.—A funny joke, and all the more palatable because it is true and can be vouchsafed for, took place a few Sundays since at a prominent church.—It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said: "All you who have children to baptize will please present them next Sabbath." The deacon, who by the way was a little deaf, and having an eye to selling the books, and supposing the minister was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted, "All you who haven't any can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each." There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of.

Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Because it is nothing without its tail.

"WHAT would you be, dearest, if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary (ary.)"

PARSING.—"John, what is the past of see?" "Seen, sir." "No, it is saw: recollect that?" "Yes, sir. Then if a sea-fish swims by me, it becomes sawfish when it is past, and can't be seen."

"You can go home, John."

"See here, Jim Brown, did you ever say that my father hadn't as much sense as Sam Smith's yellor dog?"

"No, I never said any such thing. I said Sam Smith's yellor dog had more sense than your father ever had, and that's every word I said."

"Well, it's lucky you didn't say the other thing, I tell you."

"Is it possible, Miss, you don't know the names of some of your friends?"

"Oh, yes, I don't know what my own may be in a year."

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